

# THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

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DUBOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY

CLEMENT DOANE.

OFFICE.—IN COURIER BUILDING ON  
WEST MAIN STREET.

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Will practice in all the Courts of Dubois and Perry  
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Will practice in the Courts of Dubois and adjoining  
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March 20, '69.

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Will practice in Courts of Dubois  
County.

Special attention given to the  
Collection of Claims.

April 17, '69.

F. HAHN & CO.

FORWARDING & COMMISSION

MERCHANTS.

TROY, IND.

DEALERS IN

Produce, Barley, Oats and Lime.

Lower Wharf-Boat Proprietors,

TROY, INDIANA

Sept. 20, '67-68

Furniture! Furniture!

The undersigned informs the  
public that he has now, and  
will constantly keep on hand,  
a large assortment of chairs, of the best styles. He  
respectfully invites those desiring anything in his line,  
to call and examine his stock before purchasing else-  
where, as he is confident he can place them, at his new  
shop, on the corner of the Public Square, west of the  
court-house.

November 19, 1867. JACOB ALLES.

C. STEGE, H. REILING, JOS. HAXTHAUSEN

STEGE, REILING & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Groceries, Provisions, Teas,

TOBACCO, CIGARS,

MARKET STREET.

North side between Second & Third Sts.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

P. S.—Prompt attention to orders from the country.

Sept. 12, '68-69.

VALENTINE MERCKER.

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

CORNER OF WEST MAIN & PORTERSVILLE STS

JASPER, INDIANA.

KPEPS constantly on hand a good as-  
ortment of homemade Boots and  
Shoes, which he offers for sale at the  
most reasonable prices. He also  
makes and repairs work, with neat-  
ness and dispatch. Thankful for the  
liberal patronage heretofore bestowed on him, he solicits,  
and will endeavor to merit a further extension of the  
same.

June 5, '68-69.

GLASS WARE.

In great variety, and of the best quality at low prices.

at the Drug Store.

Oct. 9, '68

## ESSAY ON MAN.

THE COMPARISON OF MAN AND THE APE  
CONTINUED.—MAN OF ANCIENT HISTORY  
—MAN OF MODERN HISTORY.

"Ancient of days! august Athena!  
where,  
Where are thy men of might? thy grand  
in soul?"

Gone—glimmering through the dream  
of things that were."

Hark to the voice of the great Socrates;  
The swelling accents of Demosthenes;  
The immortal song of Homer kindles  
still

The heart of Man with notes of heaven  
and hell:

With these immortal shades of Athena  
Compare the Gorilla, and the Chimpan-  
zee.

But onward still, and to some other  
clime

We direct our searching steps, and  
through the time

Be of some latter date, yet, well may we  
Be proud of Man's immortal ancestry.

Hark to the voice of the great Cicero,  
His burning language makes Man's soul  
still glow.

(Ah! yes, Language—the herald of the  
soul.

Proclaims that Man was made in Heav-  
en's mould:

That look, that key of Man's most in-  
ward thought:

That gift divine proclaims Man's son of  
God:

Py it we solve the whole dark mystery,  
The chasm 'twixt Man, Gorilla and Chim-  
panzee.

That gives to Man the high authority,  
"Above all that was, or on Earth would  
be."

Is God's command, is Man's high pedi-  
gree.)

Hark low the voice of the Mantuan  
Swan

With harmony still thrills the heart of  
Man.

And dare you claim th' illustrious Seneca  
A higher ape, as some great chimpanzee?

But on rolls Time and Man must on  
with him—

He sleeps beneath the monuments that  
proclaim.

Though here dwells "dust," immortal is  
the name

Of Pompey, Cyrus, of great Remeses;  
Of Plato, Ptolemy, of Eratosthenes.

And is this all for Man to live and die,  
And leave a name to his posterity?

Is this Man's Aim—his End—his Des-  
tiny—

"Ah wretched man! unmindful of thy  
end!"

A moment's glory, and what fates at-  
tend!"

And Time rolls on and Man pass on with  
him:

The heavens brighten: Hark the mid-  
night hymn:

"Glory to God on high: to Man be Peace  
On earth below," through Christ eternal  
grace.

All was obscure and wrapt in gloomy  
night:

Copernicus spake, all was in splendor  
bright—

The master-mind of great Copernicus,  
Which grasp the laws of God's great  
universe.

And taught Man how the Earth and sil-  
ver Moon,

And all the planets dance round a cen-  
tral Sun.

The immortal mind that fram'd the  
"Messenger"

Of night's bright lights, of day's efful-  
gent star.

And him of whom the bard thus sang:

"Nature and nature's laws lay hid in  
night.

God said 'Let Newton be' and all was  
light."

At such an hour, such minute, to such  
place,

Direct thy glass, of heaven's boundless  
space,

And there you'll see a flaming world  
arise!

Another sphere that roams the star-lit  
skies.

And the great Author of "Mecanique  
Celeste,"

Would you dare claim the offspring of  
some beast?

Compare Leibnitz, Le Verrier, Laplace,  
With the simia of the highest class?

And he who grasped the lightning's  
vivid flame

And tamed the thunder-bolt, and with  
his name:

And him whose mind from out the  
boundless sea

Redeemed a world for his posterity,  
Dare you compare a gorilla, a chimpan-  
zee?

"Virgil, Galileo, Laplace, Author of "Mecanique  
Celeste." "Franklin, Columbus.

M. F.

## Smith's Good Luck.

I was always a lucky fellow, and the  
most fortunate thing that ever happened  
to me was being born a Smith. Listen.

Three years ago I had just been jilted,  
and was out of money. That doesn't  
sound lucky; but it was the prelude to  
the best of good luck. I concluded to  
go into the country, down at Plymouth,  
to my uncle's house—partly that the mur-  
murs of the sea might soothe my inward  
perturbation, partly to save a month's  
board.

I stepped on board the early down  
train. It was full of silly six o'clock  
passengers, mostly men. The sun was  
shining on the water, but the fog was  
hugging the banks, and clinging to the  
burnished surface of the tide. I suppose  
a poet could have made something pret-  
ty out of the sight, but I only wrapped  
myself closer in my overcoat and looked  
at it sulkily. After awhile I got to list-  
ening to two men who sat behind me.

"A pretty girl with a fortune isn't al-  
ways to be had for the asking."  
"Oh, but the girl isn't asked, I take it.  
It's all arranged by her aunts. She's  
shining pretty, but a mere child—not  
sixteen, I believe. They had another  
fellow booked for her, but he died down  
in New Orleans of the yellow fever, last  
fall."

"And she's never seen this Smith?"  
"No, nor they either. The aunts plotted  
with Mr. Dunbar, the guardian, and  
he picked Smith up for them, opened a  
correspondence, and got Rose to write a  
letter or two. Smith professes to be in  
love with her letters and her picture;  
but of course it's the money—forty thou-  
sand if she marries before she's seven-  
teen."

"If the girl amounts to anything it's a  
doubtful shame!"

"She does amount to something. She  
has the make of a splendid woman in  
her, but nobody knows it, or cares. They  
are bent only on saving the money for  
her. If she forfeits it, it goes to some  
pet charity of her crazy old grandfath-  
er's. He was always an old tyrant, and  
as eccentric as the d—l."

"You know Smith?"

"Only by sight, but I know a clum of  
his, Burton, and got the story, with a  
copy of a letter of the girl's. I've seen  
her many a time, down on the shore, al-  
ways with her dragon aunts."

"Where's the letter?"

"I've got it here in my wallet. Now,  
you know a right sort of a man won't  
have his girl's letters hawked about  
among his associates. He let Burton  
take this copy, and Burton gave it to me.  
Let me see—this is it. Listen:

"DEAR MR. SMITH:—My aunts wish  
me to reply to your kind letter. I do  
not know what to say. I am not accus-  
tomed to writing to gentlemen; but I  
must tell you that I was sorry to have  
aunt Sophy send you that picture; I am  
not near so pretty; it flatters me very  
much. You are so handsome that you  
want a handsome wife; so I don't think  
you ought to be deceived. I don't want  
to be married; but my aunts say I must  
on account of the money; and perhaps  
it may turn out right. I am very lonely  
here. I would like to live in a large city,  
and aunt Sophy says you would do ev-  
erything to please me.

"Have you any sisters? Will your  
mother like me? I always wanted sis-  
ters, and a mother of my own. I don't  
know what else to tell you, except that  
if you love me, I will do whatever you  
want me to. Very truly yours,  
"ROSE ROGERS."

There were comments upon, and a  
laughing discussion of, the letter, which  
was certainly very unique. But, as we  
rattled along, there was a bump, a shock,  
the cars stood still, and everybody was  
in consternation.

"We are off the track—be patient a  
very little while," said the conductor,  
passing through the car.

But in consequence of this little acci-  
dent it was two o'clock before we got  
down to Plymouth. As we swarmed  
upon the platform I noticed a very  
young man, not unlike myself in looks,  
emerge from the foremost car—his coat  
sleeve torn out, and a violent purple  
bruise on his forehead.

"If that should be the lover Smith,  
now," said I to myself, "what a plight he  
is in!"

He seemed to be very much out of hu-  
mor, and beckoned angrily to a hackman,  
jumping into a carriage, and desiring to  
be taken to the best hotel. After that I  
saw several other persons more or less  
disordered and bruised by the railroad  
accident.

I was leaving the depot, when a col-  
ored coachman bowed before me.

"Beg pardon, sir—Mr. Smith?"

"Yes."

"Carriage is waiting. Step this way,  
sir, if you please."

I followed him, wondering if indeed  
my uncle had sent me a carriage. It  
used to be my aunt's pet hobby—a bar-  
ouche, with the old English coat of  
arms, which had, indeed, belonged to us,  
but had been in disuse since the impover-  
ishment of Raleigh Smith, of England.  
I wasn't quite sure what they were, but  
believed it was a sword and a helmet

upon a piece of parchment. But it proved  
to be a pen and a sword against a palette,  
which was very appropriate, as there had  
been scholars, artists and military men  
among our ancestors.

"All well?" I asked, good humoredly.

"All well," answered Sambo, with a  
grin, shutting the door. Then he looked  
back to say with another grin:

"Ladies very gay this mornin'."

If my stately aunt and cousin were  
gay, it was certainly worth remarking;  
so I laughed a little, and Sambo chuckled  
again, and jumped upon his seat.

We rattled through the streets, under  
an arch, up an avenue. Things began to  
look strange.

"Where are we?" I asked, as Sambo  
opened the carriage door. "Do they live  
here?"

"Yes, sir. There's Mr. Dunbar, sir."  
At the same moment an elderly gen-  
tleman rushed out of the terrace to meet  
me.

"Why, Smith, you are wonderfully  
late," he exclaimed, shaking hands with  
me.

"The cars ran off the track," I answer-  
ed; and before I could say anything else  
he hustled me into the house.

"Everything ready. Hurry with your  
toilet and come down. Pity you trim-  
med your whiskers so close; it alters  
your appearance very much. Robert,  
help Mr. Smith dress. Right in here,  
Smith. Hurry now, the ladies are wait-  
ing."

I found myself in a luxurious dressing  
room, and a mulatto was respectfully in  
attendance. I sat down and looked at  
him.

"What is your name?"

"Robert, sir; will you be so kind as to  
hurry, sir? They are waiting on you."

I gave him the key to my portmanteau,  
and resigned myself to my fate, whatso-  
ever it might be. But things were very  
strange.

"Where is my uncle?" asked I, as Robert  
dexterously arranged my garnet  
sleeve buttons.

"Your uncle? Oh yes, sir," with a  
bad attempt at not smiling; "he's with  
the ladies, sir."

"How long have they lived here?"

"Don't know, sir. I've only been here  
a day or two. There, sir, do you want  
anything more?"

"No." I was arrayed in my best ap-  
parel, and looked well, though my whis-  
kers, instead of being trimmed, were of  
early growth, and had never been of any  
length.

I was met at the foot of the stairs by  
the irrepressible Mr. Dunbar.

"It's all fixed," said he; "you'll be mar-  
ried at once; I had different arrange-  
ments made: was going to give you and  
Rose a chance to get acquainted; but  
that railroad delay spoiled that. The  
Rev. Mr. Lawson is here. Come right  
along; a stiff upper lip, now."

He led me into a long reception room.  
Some ladies shook hands with me. A  
tiny, golden-haired creature was put at  
my side. The clergyman married us.—  
Then there was a chatter of congratula-  
tion.

One woman with a horrible scarlet  
head-dress, put her hand on my arm and  
drew me aside.

"What arrangement have you made  
for the trip?" asked she.

"None," I answered truthfully.

"But you are going to New York for  
a week or two?"

I thought New York was as good a  
place to go as any, if I was expected to  
go somewhere, and answered yes.

"Aunt Sophy," said a trembling voice  
at our elbow, "what must I do now?"

"Run up stairs and put on your travel-  
ing dress, child. Your aunt Margaret  
will assist you."

It was my wife. She never looked at  
me, but ran away again.

Refreshments were circulating. I tried  
very hard not to go crazy.

At last Dunbar came to me again.

"All ready, Smith. Carriage is wait-  
ing. You'll catch the evening train with  
smart driving."

They hustled me out again, kissed  
Rose, and shook hands with me, and we  
two alone were driving pell mell to the  
depot.

I bought tickets for New York, gave  
Sambo five dollars, and we were off.

Well, we got into New York at mid-  
night. I took a carriage to the St. Nich-  
olas hotel, took rooms, locked the door,  
and told my wife all about it.

She looked at me awhile with her  
great blue eyes, and then said, inno-  
cently:

"Well, I don't know as it makes any  
difference."

After all, what difference did it make?

The disheveled young man with the  
bumped forehead proved to be the ex-  
pected Smith, but he did not arrive until  
half an hour after our departure.

Dunbar came after us, raving, but  
there was nothing to be done.

Rose was satisfied, the other Smith  
wasn't, but I imagine he was a fellow of  
bad luck.

A MAN at New York is learning to  
ride the velocipede on the tight rope, and  
proposes in that way to cross Niagara  
on his machine, this summer.

## Louisville and Cincinnati Branch Railroad.

The last rail was laid yesterday on the  
Louisville, Lexington and Cincinnati  
Branch Railroad, at McCoy's Fork, about  
three miles west of Walton, Boone  
County, Kentucky. The road is not yet  
ballasted, and will, therefore, not be  
opened for travel for a week or two.

The distance from Covington to Louis-  
ville by this route is one hundred and  
four miles. By the old routes, to reach  
Cincinnati by rail from Louisville, the  
passenger had to travel half the distance  
included in the four boundaries of a  
square, of which Cincinnati, Seymour,  
Louisville and Lexington are the cor-  
ners. By the new road he will cut diag-  
onally across this square.

The new road branches off at Lagrange  
from the Louisville and Frankfort road,  
after using twenty-five miles of that track;  
thence through Campbellsburg, down  
Mill Creek to the Kentucky River; across  
that, and thence up along the north bank  
of Eagle Creek; thence up Ten-Mile  
Creek to Verona; thence through Spar-  
ta and Walton, and down Bank Lick  
Creek, and thence to Covington, running  
through the counties of Kenton, Boone,  
Gallatin, Carroll, Henry, Oldham and  
Jefferson.

When trains commence running, the  
company will use the Kentucky Central  
Railroad depot in Covington until they  
can build one of their own.

The work on this road was commenced  
two years since, and has been carried on  
with great energy. It is under the con-  
trol of the Frankfort and Louisville Rail-  
road Company. Much heavy grading  
had to be done on this road, as it includes  
five tunnels and many deep cuts. Four  
of the tunnels are between Lagrange and  
Verona, and the fifth is between Verona  
and Covington.—[Cincinnati Commer-  
cial, 19th.

SUBSTITUTE FOR PRESERVES.—A lady  
writer contributes to an exchange the  
following bit of information, obtained  
where she "took tea last." "A dish that  
I took to be preserves was passed, which,  
upon tasting, I was surprised to learn  
contained no fruit. The ease with which  
it was prepared and the trifling cost of  
its materials are not to be wondered at,  
for unless my tasting apparatus  
deceived me, as it is not usually wont to  
do, it is emphatically a tip-top substitute  
for apple sauce, apple butter, tomato pre-  
serves, and all that sort of thing. Its  
preparation is as follows: Moderately  
boil a pint of molasses from five to twenty  
minutes, according to its consistency;  
then add three eggs thoroughly beaten,  
hastily stirring them in, and continue to  
boil a few minutes longer, then season  
with nutmeg or lemon."

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.—A little girl  
and her little brother were on their way  
to the store the other morning. The  
grass on the Common was white with  
frost, and the wind was very sharp.—  
They were both poorly dressed; but the  
little girl had a sort of cloak over her  
which she seemed to have outgrown.

As they walked briskly along, she drew  
the little boy closer to her, and said,  
"Come under my cloak, Johnny."

"It isn't big enough for both, sister."

"Then I will try and stretch it a little."

And they were soon as close together  
and as warm as birds in the same nest.

What a lesson! How many shivering  
bodies, and sad hearts, and weeping eyes,  
there are in the world, just because peo-  
ple do not stretch their comforts a little  
beyond themselves!—[Well Spring.

A LITTLE BOY'S FAITH.—Last winter  
a little boy of six or eight years begged  
a lady to allow him to clean away the  
snow from her steps. He had no father  
or mother, but worked his way by such  
jobs.

"Do you get much to do, my little  
boy?" said the lady.

"Sometimes I do," said the boy, "but  
often I get very little."

"And are you never afraid that you  
will not get enough to live on?"